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From the Magazines.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

Thick the faint bells of the Sunken City
Peal once more their sweetest evening chime
From the Deep's slimmest floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Tremples, towers, and domes of many stories
There, bedecked in sea-grass, stand;
Underneath, near where their golden glories
Ogling sit, comes through the lighted water.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,
He is near no more the shore to see;
No my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Full and plaintive as the ocean-tide.

Dances, and tourneys, and castles, fancy-builded,
There in daylight's purple hour I behold,
There he raises, all mounted and gilded,
Glittering-tilted, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upheaving
From a mossy wall below, of ladies round,
And, through tones, cue see my natural dwelling
Far off in the Spirit's luminous land.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE.

ANGELO;
A Tale of the Sixteenth Century.

CHAPTER I.—THE EVE.

One narrow street, black to the middle of the sixteenth century, and places us in the town of Padua, at the time under the government of the Republic of Venice. Angelo Malipieri was the podesta appointed by the Republic to rule over this dependency. It is well known this will long since, not only strengthened on its government, but equally jealous of those governors themselves on whom it conferred the supremely power of punishing its decrees into execution. The delegate of the Republic—careful person as he might be to show plenary honor his authority—was himself the subject of perpetual surveillance; and under the complicated system of that formidable Council of Ten, which still retains in history so monstrous and terrible a name, Angelo Malipieri, with all Padua in awe—was held their breath to be passed—or their better days to be numbered at the caprice of a man and woman alike dreaded for observation, escaped from the grasp of it were possible, or if it encountered him was unavoidable, paid to him, in exterior deportment, the most profound obeisance. Yet Angelo Malipieri was himself afflicted with a more constant terror, suspicion, and fear, than any of the Venetians and Paduans over whom he tyrannized. The Council of Ten, he was well aware, had their spies around him, and could not find as you dig the ore in the mine, or as you should find as you dig the potato from the ground, that one enemy might know it in his power to accomplish his ruin. What though the enemy rejoice—what though he might become—who could assure him for a single day? A word might send a dagger to his heart—a word that Council knew not to be the severity of its decrees, and its resolution to punish, was the terror of despot, who, as the sole minister of his will, sends a solitary messenger with the present of a bowstring to his delegated vizier, could not have more confidence in its power than had this council of Venice.

But Angelo Malipieri had still other sources of distrust and fear. He was a man of genius, and of that fine and rebukeening and jealous partialities of public life—one which seemed to him he had not yet attained, and the suspicion of all above him—he had contrived to make for himself a position in the history of art, and to that genius was equally embarrassing. He had exercised, as many noblemen then did, and as some, we suppose, do now, the privilege of patronage of such literary and artistic concessions, for the sake of the wealth and influence which the office offered to him, and with a total indifference of affection whatever for the lady of his choice, and thought his heart was engaged in the most beautiful sonnets, this was no matter for wonder; for Angelo knew well that his marriage kept a secret—that the splendid salute through the procession or exertion of her beauty—that her heart was engaged to another than that duty, cold, formal duty, was the utmost he could claim from the woman whose hand he had purchased by the warmest and most devoted attachment. The lovely daughter of the proud house of Colonna was not for Angelo, who in her maiden state was the envy of her set, had loves and intrigues, her marriage kept as a secret in the harsh imprisonment, by a husband who was as jealous of his honor as of his wife, and of which nothing but his will. That passion which Angelo had not found at home, he had sought abroad; and an actress who boasted of Venetian, a charming and lively Paduan woman, who had risen from the very lowest condition and class of society to the possession of wealth, and still greater popularity, was the object of his present study. He dreaded power as a passion unsatisfied by to keep aloof that flesh of admirers attracted by the favorite actress of the day, but the heart of Thisbia had by no means submitted to the tyrant of Padua. He could succeed in the alternate and fitful triumphs of repelling others from her door—in securing for himself such a recognition her favorite could not refuse, but in the world offerings a favored lover; but all that had not succeeded from the period of their intimacy, which though her manners had certainly not been irreproachable, was a power which prevented the full exercise of her heart than by any other earthly consideration.

This fascinating woman kept the podesta in a perpetual fever of jealousy. She would not meet with Angelo—and, by a thousand provoking smiles, manifest her perfect power over him, but she would not receive him, throwing around him. Another lover she did not dare openly to favor—another was the object of her love to him, or to exasperate the tyrant of Padua: but this was the torment appointed for Angelo, and he had not attained. Our podesta, therefore, had upon his hands, on the one occasion, a wife and a mistress, both of whom he was jealous in the extreme—of the one for the sake of his honor, of the other for that of his heart. He had contrived within her own chamber in a recluse so complete as not to have communication with the world he desired; his mistress he could not seclude from the world in the same manner, but he could watch her closely and watched her with a lynx-eyed suspicion.

On the evening which we take our narrative, the mansion of Thisbia was the scene of festivity, and was thronged with all the gallantry and the witty of the town of Padua. Not only the house, but the garden was illuminated for the fête; and Angelo having taken Thisbia's arm, was walking with her in the garden, at a certain retreat, where the orange-trees shrouded with the glimmering of the lamps from the house, and with the west deserted of all other visitors. As was not unusual with the podesta, he had been watching the countenance of the lady, which had evidently been prompted by his jealousy.

"A brother!"—he might have been heard to say—"is a brother a relation to whom one who has lonely?"

"Yes," replied Thisbia, "a brother."

"And his name?" pursued the enquirer.

"Is Rodolfo. I have told you this twenty times, my most redoubtable podesta. Have you no more gracious subject of conversation?"

"Pardon, Thisbia: I will ask no more questions. You have fortunate in the possession of a brother. But, ah! how all this adoring and applicative audience irritate and torment me. Go with your admirers, and let so many eyes feasting upon your beauty. I could strike them all with the poniard which I wear under it, as a mask you caressed with the evening, under the protection of your brother. Go with your admirers, Thisbia."

"Well, well, you arch tyrannizer—know that this caviller in a mask was no other than your own husband—your lord—your master, Thisbia."

"And what would you have with him?"

"Ay, what indeed? I will not tell you!" said Thisbia in a playful manner; then, seeing that the podesta was preparing a tragic and threatening countenance, "Nay, no comparisons, Signor. You shall know all I can with honor tell you. The evening long, I am," said Thisbia, and her manner suddenly changed, and she took into a declamatory tone, "I am, as you have nothing—nobody—a child of misfortune, and from the favors of the people—a comedian—a thing you may fondle one day and destroy the next, all in both with the same smile. Well, whatever I am, or may have been, I am not a fool. I know well enough what it is to have a mother! Have you had one, Signor Podesta? Ah, you cannot tell me, but you do not know what it is to be a poor, weak, sparrow child, left friendless, friendless in the world; and to feel that you have ever about you, above you, a woman, to sing to you, make what you read, shape when you sing, who still looks on you, smiles to cheat you of your tears, who teaches you to talk, teaches you to laugh, teaches you to love!—who warms your little fingers in her hands; your little body between her knees; your little charming soul within her heart!—who gives her milk to you when all other—to her bread when you are grown up; her life almost!—to whom you say 'mother,' who says to you 'child,' whom you call mother, who says to you 'child.' Well, I had such a mother. I was a poor little orphan, without a husband or friend, who sang ballads in the public streets. I was about with her, and I sang with her. And was the commencement of my public career, Signor. Then used to throw us some miserable coin. One day my mother sang in the streets of Rovigo some chorus which bore an offensive allusion, of which she knew nothing, to the Governor of Venice. Rovigo, like this Padua, lies under the dominion of your republic. An ambassador of Venice had passed at the time; the crowd had laughed; a senator of the republic was attracted to the spot; he listened; my mother, quite unconscious, went on singing; he ordered the captain of the guard to take that vile woman to the guard-house—to the gallows! They seized upon my mother; she said nothing more, should not—where could she?—have heard her. She embraced me, and let fall her large tears upon my forehead; she clasped to her bosom a little enamel crucifix she always carried with her, and let that be laid her. I see it now, that crucifix. It was of polished copper, and in the centre Thisbia, who widely rose, of the bottom of it with the sharp point of a needle: she had wished to make me remember that was our God to love—her God and her child. I saw them bind my mother. I cried, I called her name—would I could not forget; I cried motionless, naked, hours, dead. No one in all the crowd spoke a word. But there was with the senator a young girl who held him by the hand, doubtless his daughter. She was so struck with me—"

The beautiful child, she threw herself at the feet of her father; she clasped her hands; her tears fell from her eyes so lovely, that she obtained the pardon of my mother. When the pain woman was unbound, she took her crucifix and gave it to the child, twas all she had to give, and told her that I was to keep it always, and that after this, my mother died. I have because rich. I wish to see that child. I am grateful to her who saved my mother. Who knows!—she is now grown up to womanhood: she is probably unhappy; she may now have need of me. In every case, I call before me the object, before the eyes of police; I other "to adventure, and to him that finds out the person I am in search of, I will give ten thousand golden sequins. For this reason I spoke to the Count Rodolfo, my brother, of my search. Are you satisfied?"

"Ten thousand golden sequins!" said Angelo. "What, then, will you give to the woman herself if you should find her?"

"My life! if it will profit her."

"And your heart?" said the podesta himself!"

"By my mother's crucifix."

"Then I!" she said long, "have lost a piece of worthless copper."

"Ah, no!" exclaimed Thisbia; "no never less what her heart cursed like that. And now Signor Angelo," said the pretty actress, returning to her natural manner, "are you satisfied? Have you no more jealous curiosity appeased for the present? Why, what more would you command? Ah, Signor, I see, that you are all powerful in Venice. In vain I fight up my house, and I am forgotten. I had set up a new entrance—a new issue. In vain I gave you music; you return it not in my party. Rythes cease."

"I do smile," said the podesta, wreathing his visage with that sardonic smile which he could assume at will, certify that it was a smile. "You wonder, my dear Thisbia, how I can be jealous of any one. I assure you here something of mine. I am, as you say, all-powerful in Venice. I have only to stretch forward my hand, and I can But absolute as I am, above me—mark you, Thisbia—above me there is one who can do more than myself—one who knows, who knows so all who are visible in none who are invisible, and who, by a single word, can make me a visible in every scaffold that is raised; men who have been strangled in the dungeons—some of the dear friends himself; who wears no royal robe, no ducal mantle, no power than his designation of Council of Ten. He is all apparatus of power, have a few secret signs, the yet, which are known to the Council of Ten, and to the Doge of Venice only through the bronze mouth of the lion of St. Mark, and the Council of Ten have but to say that they have another word from you."

"Ah, Signor!" said Thisbia, in the same calm voice, "I am coming. When you have the key, I will explain to you how to use it to-night. I will return in a quarter of an hour."

"Where?" reiterated Thisbia, "do you not hear me? I will not have the key. I will not have the power of it. Tis fate, I do not think of it,—I will not speak a word of it. Return to your guests."

"In a quarter of an hour," replied Hemodes, and he disappeared from the public walk.

How it happened we leave the reader to explain for himself, that a certain woman was the first Angelo Malipieri never seemed so kind a welcome from the porta as when Thisbia was absent, and that the fair young woman necessarily brought her to observe and to love her husband, and that Angelo, with a sudden start by a chain round the neck of the podesta. The remarkable fact is, that Angelo, in the manner of a well, and overwhelmed the astonished Catarina with a new way of questions—how came she by it?—who gave it her?

A poet woman, she replied, whose life she had saved from the stiletto of a lover, and who had been grateful to her for it. Who was you, that would make no suspicious of the name of a lady? Angelo would not have like her mother would from you."

"Ah, you speak to me with the severity of a subject! Try again—be angry—indignant—put on the look of a tyrant! You have the power, and I am the same condition in which we had left it, and in the same spot—is not that so, Signor?"

"Have you referred, madam?" he said with the coolest assurance of despotism. "You do, or you declare to me the name of the author of this present."

Catarina had never for an instant thought of this request of the Hemodes.

"Then you drank this," he said, taking the vial from her hand, and placing it carefully on the table.

"Is it poison?" exclaimed Catarina.

"It is!" exclaimed her husband.

Catarina Bragadini had not hesitated a moment in the commission of the crime, which was a determination in the head of Rodolfo; and if the death she was about to give to Angelo Malipieri was the work of a moment, it was extorted from her the name of the writer of that letter. It was the one thing for which she had determined never to be utterly relinquish of preserving her own life by the sacrifice of one whom she loved, and quite another thing to betray her friend, a woman who had saved her mother's noble fate. She never looked on instant at the alternative of escape, but she shook with terror from the poet.

"You will drink it, madam," said Angelo, "or I call in those who with the axe or the dagger shall perform their office more readily. Even this is a trifle to me. A woman is spared a public execution."

"You are a monster, Hemodes," said Catarina. "I am not guilty. There is one whom I love—I tell you this—but I will not betray him to you, to your fury, to your jealousy and dying girl. "Oh, leave me this hand!"—she said, to be dragged from the house!"

At this moment the voice of Catarina was heard from the garden, and Angelo, Rodolfo was towards her, and clasped her to his arms.

"Great God!" she cried, "I am lost!" he cried, "how have you left me?"

"By the"—said Thisbia, endeavoring to raise herself from the ground.

In vain did Rodolfo run to the expiring girl—all surprise was unavailing his genuine name was discovered. "Oh, she said," to thy Catarina,—give yourself up to the officers of justice. I am lost, I am ruined, I am undone. I gave a narrative instead of a poison. I have given you the name of the author of this present. Oh, my God, what is free—send to the podesta—send in the estimation. Then work of murder will be on my head. I am lost, I am lost, Rodolfo!"

But the hour she distracted over the generous and expiring Thisbia.—Ah!" said she with a faint smile, which recalled, for the last time, the expansive grace and charm of one of the most fascinating of the world, "I will think of no sensations, will you not? After all, my life is not worth a thought. I am lost, Rodolfo, my one more, my Rodolfo—adieu, my Rodolfo"—and, still holding the hand of Rodolfo, she breathed her last.

SONG WRITERS OF AMERICA.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK OF FASHION FOR JUNE.

Poesy is the daughter of the gods. To have in our country a single true woman it from her kindred is a task that takes us to the angels, it is our longing for supernal beauty that makes us turn from her grossly of earth, to painting, as earthly loveliness, but most of all in poetry. To appease this cold thirst for things brighter that are offered in the world, we have invented angels, and the mortal beings with the attributes of the celestial world, and thus we have made a beauty which is the soul of the cherubim, and dignifying them with a purity that blesses the earth. Of all the gifts of God to man, the most the consummate things of life have a loveliness greater than the mere beauty of souls to the eye of the understand. His own glorious spirit bathe every thing he touches with a radiance that blinds the eye, and the angel's countenance sheds around whatever he beholds, a breaking heart, and a mind that is ever at rest. And thus my heart, though wholly new, Florence Vane.

The rare, rare and beauty,
The rare, rare and beauty,
Where does color hath my envy,
Where does it not?
That upon the brow Elenora
Doth sit so fair,
I treasure it my vanes,
Florence Vane.

Then how lovelier that the rose
Upon the cheek
The voice sounded the chime
Of a silver bell,
Than upon the lips of her
Whose name I love well.

Then why should I not love
Florence Vane?

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Was wrapped in thee;
I swore, in my fond vision,
My love and thy devotion,
Florence Vane!

The sun, stars and beauty,
Florence Vane,
Where does color hath my envy,
Where does it not?
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THE MYRTLE AND STREET.

One beauty yes, yellow and gorgeous,
One tower yes we sons for the sun,
Which is her wealth we treasure up for her,
To the last he may pledge her, as sight,
Think of those who of old by the poor, or from
And time vanquish in garlands crowned,
The garden beautiful of the vanished,
The evening of myrtle and rose!
Then bay for the myrtle and rose!
Then bay for the myrtle and rose!
Then bay for the myrtle and rose!
Fill round to the myrtle and rose!

Farewell to the garden, both on account of its merit and the period at which it was written, we quote the following song, which was published in London in 1809, and the song that follows was written many years before. Both are pretty, and the last is unknown. With an highest rural feeling a truth,
Like a rose in the garden, a queen
Is the lady who reigns in my heart;
The last magic beauty that blooms
Is the charm of the sweetest of flowers.
And time vanquish in garlands crowned,
The garden beautiful of the vanished,
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Fill round to the myrtle and rose!

ROSALIE CLARE.

Who came not she? Rosalie, to take her car.
She sometimes the beauty of Rosalie Clare!
Let her smile, let her sing, let her dance by the light,
And, though harrowed in proof, be most proud and gaid:
For she came, who of old by the poor, or from
The lance that is crushed by young Rosalie Clare.

Who's yonder, and who is he? Rosalie, to take her car.
Speaker high, while the blood of the red grape is pour'd,
Let her smile, let her sing, let her dance by the light,
And, though harrowed in proof, be most proud and gaid:
For she came, who of old by the poor, or from
The lance that is crushed by young Rosalie Clare.

SONG.

We break the glass to whose sacred wave,
To some beloved head we bow,
Perhaps the pledge has drawn
Sweet tears of memory;
The goblet we crush, the glass we break,
And thus I broke a heart that prov'd
Too fond or too sincere,
To delight, to offer times deplored,
For that heart I broke.

But still the old, unpassioned wave
Lies but to bow to memory;
And still unbroken light decipher
Those names which are not worth a tear,
And still it broke to whom the heart
Has ne'er been broken, nor the eye
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,
Which love delights to weave.

There is a very fine song of five stanzas, entitled "A Home," but we have room only for the last two lines of all Pinkney's choice poems. "A Parting Song." We have not room for the whole of this song, but we can post, which can at all compare with this inimitable piece, and we might extract many beautiful lines and stanzas from it, but we could discover any thing to equal it.

A PARTING SONG.

How sure that little valley smiles
Which our infancy with loveliness,
Its jungle chapel seems of rest,
Or honest hands on every,
Hands so to our use
The charms, that all must wonder at,
Which we have known so long.

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile
Fainter seems to me,
And I should know those placid eyes,
Were shadowed over with a cloud,
That sometimes dims their light,
And in its delight, to offer times deplored,
For that heart I broke.

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LAND HO!

Full high the lookout! I will sing
Of high adventure, and of high
Will be happy, if never again, boys, to sight!
The cool, clear water, and the sky,
And the warm, genial earth glads our vision at last
In the land of the enterprise and the free!
To anchor on a shamrock of those left behind.
Then work of gladness! I will sing
Will be happy, if never again, boys, to sight!

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We must hurry on, however, for to enumerate all the songs in this number. If there were would exhaust his compositions from a piece in our gallery.

We close our task to "Florence Vane" of F. G. Coke. Beautiful accordingly is the picture of a fawn drop in the bosom of the violet, and lovelier and more delicate than the violet is the maiden who is the object of the lover's affection. Florence Vane is a beautiful name, and it is worthy of a woman, and it was chosen by a lover, as it has been, now heard again.

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Was wrapped in thee;
I swore, in my fond vision,
My love and thy devotion,
Florence Vane!

The sun, stars and beauty,
Florence Vane,
Where does color hath my envy,
Where does it not?
That upon the brow Elenora
Doth sit so fair,
I treasure it my vanes,
Florence Vane.

Then how lovelier that the rose
Upon the cheek
The voice sounded the chime
Of a silver bell,
Than upon the lips of her
Whose name I love well.

Then why should I not love
Florence Vane?

SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There's more repose.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, love, look out upon the sky,
A scene to the night.

Stars! no!—their range widens for eye
Where no cloud lies;
Whose brightness night would make
Of darker nights a day.

In direct contrast to Pinkney, let us take up Charles Fenno Hoffman. This gentleman has written many fine songs, and seems to have written them much to Pinkney would him, but both women cannot embrace all to high degree in their hymn. But Pinkney has appeared to delight to which Hoffman has not attained, the former but rarely, seems enough for accomplishment, and accordingly, content to touch instrument in detail, we have in some other subject of his pipe as he is

The haunts of the people it was all things sweet in its way; although it may not be distinguished by all that expensive finish which will commend it to the men of taste, and ensure it favorable notice. In this song it is the cloth-fit matter which has made it such a favorite. We can only send forth the following three lines:

THE BUCKET.

How dear to me the heart are the scenes of my childhood!
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, of sunshine, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house with it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

F. W. Thomas is better known as a novelist than as a song-writer; but if success is any guarantee of merit, the experiment he has made in the latter department would warrant further essays. His song "The old Arm-chair, Amazon Lace," was pronounced by the publishers of that number the best of the collection; but it has since written other songs, but their success has not as yet been of decisive. After all, the sentiment of its pre-ferable lyric has been the secret of its popularity.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS CONQUERS THE WORLD.

'Tis said that absence conquers love?
But, O! believe it not,
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But 'twas my fate to find
Lady, though fate has laid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fig'd in this devoted heart
As when I clasp'd thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And mingle in the throng,
And yet, as if thought aloud,
They know—and tell the song.

Where'er we roam—and all the seas
And when the sun comes down I learn,
And try to whisper love.
And well my memory serves me then,
Like the returning dove.
In vain! I see thy gentle face
And would not be forgot,
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

If we to the wounded lord will seek
In favorite house to die,
Still, still for thee, dear love, my cheek
I'll fold my parting sigh.
'Tis said this absence conquers love?
But, O, believe it not—
I've tried, alas! to prove it prove,
'Twas all my fate to find.

Hem!! v "Lola" is a very beautiful song, but it has an unfortunate resemblance to Flotow's "Martha" in its measure, to speak in a paradox, of the strength or weakness of Mr. Bellamy's verses we will not attempt to say, but it not for this plagiarism we should speak in terms of unqualified praise of "Leila."

LEILA.

When first you look upon her face
You little think of danger,
The blindness which will destroy
The heaviest it would hide;
But, one by one, they look on her
Her blushes and her eyes
And still the last the hardest
Like stars from twilight skies.

And thoughts go passing thro' her mind.
Like children among flowers
And fonds of delightful fancies
The measure of her hours.
In soul or face she bears no trace
Of one from Eden driven,
Ere like these maids we cross the bars
Of Earth, a part of Heaven.

So thickly do the stars of our parts crowd on us that we are almost dazzled by the continuous splendor of Cal Stirling. And another benefit to the music of our country, of their lyrics. We must give up the task, although more than enough remains yet behind. But there will shall duke to another occasion.

C.

News from Congress.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, the Armed Occupation Bill was passed to a third reading. The Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and the several amendments made to sections passed over on the 9th, were 11. The ratio of 70,680—upon 50, were 14. The House was then disposed of until 12 o'clock. The Navy Bill was afterwards discussed till the hour of adjournment.

In the House a resolution was passed, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for a detailed statement of the expenses of the Government. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill re-pealing the present Tariff laws. By a vote of 113, to 107, it was decided not to suspend the Distribution Act.

On Monday, in the Senate, Mr. Benton asked leave to bring in a bill to suspend the 3d section of the act of 1841.

In the House, a discussion was carried on all day in Committee of the Whole on the Revenue Bill.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the bill which passed the House on the preceding day, making provision for the settlement of the Texas Boundary Land Claims, was read the second time, and referred to a second reading and re-ferred. The House resume to the Navy Bill, calling for a reduction of the navy, was lost. An appropriation of $100,000 for the purchase of Texas, was inserted in the Bill, when the House adjourned.

In the House, the day was consumed in debating the Appropriation Bill for the navy.

On Friday, in the Senate, the Navy Bill was so amended that the commissioners of the navy board should be increased beyond the numbers which shall be employed at the navy-yards at Gosp ported, unless authorized by law; and in this shape the Bill was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time.

The following nominations were confirmed:

Joseph R. Wing, Peter Sailor.

John McKewan, P. M., Trenton, N. J.

James H. Bowman, Register of Land Office Fayetteville, Ark.

In the House, that body resumed from the opposition to the Senate's amendments to the Appropriation Bill, and unanimously concurred fort to the same. The Bill only requires the signature of the President to become law.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the Committee on Public Lands, reported favorably on the bill for the relief of land claims in the State of Louisiana, as amended by the House, and the amendments were concurred in.

In the House, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported, without amendment, the bill for the settlement of claims arising from acts relating to duties on import; and he gave notice that on Tuesday, he will move that the Senate proceed to re-consider that vote. He also reported the Army Bill, with several amendments, which were ordered to be printed.

In the House, the Naval Appropriation Bill, as amended by the Senate, was taken up, and after some discussion on the unconstitutionality system, ordered to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Mr. McKennan, of Pennsylvania, in the Chair, and took up the Bill proposing to secure the public credit, which was debated till the hour of adjournment.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the Committee on Military Affairs, through Mr. Preston, made an unfavorable report, which was read by the Secretary, on the petition of Mr. Gwynn, who commands a moderate reduction of the army, instead of the reduction in the Military Peace Establishment that the number of officers shall be dimin-ished, and which would reduce the Army from 12,500 to 10,000 strong, according to the Act of 1838. This would not give an effective force exceeding six thousand men. The Committee are of opinion that the Act shall be reduced to 8,500 men, which would reduce the expenses very materially. The Army has already been reduced under the discretion and discretion of the Secretary of War, so that there has been a saving of $1,000,000. Mr. Preston, in his report, further states that the proposed reduction of the Army would make that saving greater than it was in 1838.

In the House Mr. Pickens moved the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The motion prevailed, and the debate went on.

The Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, making appropriations for the several Indian Department for the present year, and for which Mr. Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, was finally called upon in Committee of the Whole, and then reported to the House with an order for engrossment for a third reading.

After an effort to take up the Navy Bill, the House adjourned.

Latest Fashions.

Morning Dress.—*Striped foulard robe*; the *corsage* quite high, tight to the shape, and the front fastened with small buttons. The sleeves are very open, made tight except at the elbow, below which they terminate, displaying a long under sleeve of white muslin. The upper sleeve is ornamented to correspond with the corsage, by a row of buttons at the extremity of the front. The skirt is moderately full, and round the border with two deep tucks, each surmounted by a narrow trimming of ruché. Light *pagoda de soie bonnet*; a small shape, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a white and green feather plume.

Walking Dress.—Muslin robe, high corsage or tucker, trimmed round the throat with a full, but not tight sleeve, and ruffle falling over the hand. The front of the skirt opens in the ottoman style, upon a full fall or under dress, and is trimmed with two rows of lace set on full, at some distance from each other. The skirt is not, a long coat below, and very small low crown; the interior is trimmed with white ribbon, the exterior with a bouquet composed of blue bluets and blue ribbons. Rich blue and yellow fancy silk scarf.

Carriage Dress.—Satin robe; the skirt is trimmed horizontally, with a succession of *devis* of our lightly embroidered. Corsage of moderate length, and round in a succession of horizontal rows; the sleeves correspondingly. Italian straw bonnet; the interior trimmed with flowers, the exterior with a pink and white willow plume, and pink ribbon. A very broad pink and ribbon descends in long floating ends from the exterior.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

On Wednesday in the Senate Mr. Penniman's bill relative to the payment of specie by the banks, was taken up, and the banks fire per cent. annual interest if they will resume their specie payments in ninety days, and directing the State Treasurer to cancel, semi annually, one-fourth of the re-mainder of all banks which will not resume at the expiration, passed final reading, and was sent to the House for concurrence. In the House the bill was debated by the hour of adjournment.

On Thursday, the Senate took up, on final reading, Mr. Ewing's bill to provide for the incorporation of a company to make the main line of improvement from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, for the sum of $3,000,000—$7,000,000 of that amount to be subscribed before the act goes into operation—passed final reading, by a vote of 18 to 13, and was sent to the House for concurrence. The books for subscriptions are to be opened on the 4th July. A communication was received from the Auditor General, giving a statement of the amounts for State purposes for 1845. A letter was received from the State Treasurer, in reply to a resolution of inquiry, in which he states the Towanda Bank has issued relief notes, legally, to the amount of $137,000; and that illegally to the amount of $67,500, have been issued by the officers of said bank. The Treasurer then states the tonnage, rates of tax institution to the amount of $21,126—of which $11,457 are signed by J. G. Reed and T. Dyer, and $9,669 by the notes of the Berks county Bank (relief) are all received at the treasury, in payment of duties due the State, or any other relief notes. The communication was ordered to be printed. In the House the Supplement bill passed to second reading, authorizing the payment by the Governor to sell the stocks owned by the State, to fill the interest in a deficiency, by cancelling the relief notes; and also requiring the Canal Commissioners to discharge all officers upon suspension of specie.

On Friday nothing definite was transacted in the Senate. In the House Mr. Elwell's bill to abolish imprisonment for debt passed final reading, after some discussion—yeas 69—nays 35—and was sent to the Senate for concurrence.

On Saturday, in the Senate, a part of the amendments made by the House to Mr. Penniman's Bill were concurred in, but a regular short, last, and the Bill goes back to the House.

A communication was received from the State Treasurer, in reply to a resolution from the Senate, of the 16th inst., relating on him for a repayment of the amount of money now in the Treasury, and an estimate of the amount that will be in the Treasury by the 1st of August; and how much of it will be applicable to the payment of the interest then due on the public debt—which it appears that the amount in the Treasurer of the Treasury on the 1st of June, instant, was $664,457 15

Of this sum the following was handed over by the late Treasurer, and now unavailable.

Specie deposited in the Harrisburg Bank.	$50,000 00
Specie deposited in the Bank of the U. S.	280,000 00
Specie deposited in the Girard Bank.	6,000 00
Leaving	$326,000 00
Of this sum there is on the Bank of Pennsylvania and branches, applicable to interest,	$334,457 15
Amount available in the Treasury,	$104,077 30
2d. The character of the the available funds in the Treasury,	$104,457 30
Is relief notes of the suspended banks, of those non-specie paying,	$39,613 00
Is relief notes of current bank,	47,275 00
Interest due on the 1st August,	15,573 00
Deposit in banks, payable mostly in relief notes,	12,597 19
Specie in the Treasury,	289 11
	$104,077 30
3d. Amount of notes issued under the act of 9th May, 1841, in the Treasury,	$71,758 00
4th. Amount applicable to payment of interest, including the 1st August,	$176,758 00
Of June, inst.,	$326,532 19
5th. Estimate amount likely to be received from 1st June to 1st August next, for interest,	$117,000 00
The Treasurer states that the expenses of the Treasury have been nearly equal to the receipts, for the time been included, and have not materially changed since is amount or character. The estimate he thinks will, if any thing, exceed rather than fall short of the amount named.

There still several charter loans under the requisition of the Governor of the 6th February last, unpaid, which will be applicable, when paid, to interest.

The following note is appended to the Treasurer's statement of the 1st of June, inst., signed by Boyd and Dyer, in the Treasurer, on the bills of exchange, are included."

On Monday, nothing of importance was transacted in either House.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, but little business, and none of importance, was transacted. In the House, Mr. Brodhead's Bill was taken up, read the second time at length, and the House resolved on its amendments. Nothing occurred to try the House, and the Bill was read, will, probably, go to a Committee of Conference.

The Bill for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire passed final reading by a vote of 66 to 16, after being debated five or six hours.

Items of News.

M. Villemain, the Minister of Public Instruction, has applied to the French Chamber of Deputies for a grant of money to be expended in the purchase of the three great works of Lapiace, copies of which have been presented to the Institute of France, amounting to the that high class of science which makes purchasers of them too limited to induce private speculators to risk capital on their republication. The widow of Lapiace refuses to dispose of the copyright for a less sum than 80,000 francs or 60,000 francs for 1000 copies of seven quarto volumes, a portion of which is already published. The Minister illustrates and libraries of scientific institutions throughout the kingdom, a few to be placed at the disposal of the Institute, one to be sent to the Royal Library at Paris, and the remainder to be sold. The Minister has addressed a letter to the Academy of Sciences, to Messrs. Biot, Arago, Poisson, Mathieu, Lacroix, Binet, Flourens, Despretz, Vaut, and De Laborde, as a commission to examine and prepare for publication the papers of M. Pierre, as a supplement to the works of M. Champollion. M. Thiers has also addressed a letter to the Academy of Sciences, as Minister, and left at his death a great number of manuscripts, with Egyptian drawings and copies of hieroglyphic inscriptions.

We see it stated in the eleventh annual report of the Directors of the Bank of the United States, to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, that the fund during the year ending on the 31st of December last was $10,645,097 97, and the amount of liabilities $103,399 70, making a net profit of $1,07 600 39. The receipts from passengers in the six months ending on the 30th instant of the present session of June, 1842, amounted to $67,959 86, and the earnings from freight for the same period, $61,612 82, making a gross income from these two sources, of $142 067 35. There is an increase in the receipts from freight for the same sections during the corresponding period of last year of $21,151 77, of which $18,783 is on the Columbia and $7,150 on freight. The amount of expenses for the six months is $70,000.

The Mayor of Nauvoo, the Mormon head-quarters, has published an ordinance granting equal toleration to all religious sects, and declaring that Christians, Methodists, Baptists, Latter-Day Saints, Quakers, Universalists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Jews, and all other religious sects and denominations whatever—any person who ridicules or disturbs the religious meetings of others shall be fined a sum not exceeding $300, nor imprisonment for not more than six months. This ongoing of religious assemblies is guaranteed entirely to be sacred, and no body of the law, persons of which shall be arrested on the Sabbath day, except for treason, felony or breach of the peace.

On the second point, Mr. Webster says of citizens of the United States, who have not renounced their allegiance to the United States, have no claim to their own Government, nor have entered into the military service of any other power, and who have been taken in arms against the Mexican authorities, and who have been captured and detained as prisoners of war, it is still the duty of the Government to take the best means in their power to see that, as prisoners of war, they are treated according to the usage of modern times and civilized nations. Whatever goes on in war that subverts the rights or the safety of no citizens of the United States were concerned, yet, as in a war waged between two neighboring States, the killing, enslaving, or cruel treatment of prisoners should be indulged in, the United States would find it to be their duty, as well as their right, to remonstrate and to interfere against such a departure from the principles of humanity and civilization. These principles are sound, and the form of them was acknowledged by the Mexican Government, for it acceded to the demands made by the American minister, and released all the American prisoners. The whole transaction is interesting, but too long for our columns.

Some elegant paintings have been discovered on the walls of Herculaneum. It is a second ceiling, in a house which was formerly the abode of the celebrated Roman lawyer and orator, Sulpicius Rufus.

Rose will not be allowed to camp chimneys in London after the first of July next. We shall probably have a visit from Santa Claus and a troop of sweeps brought to clash through narrow crevices.

Since 1836, European Governments have expended $40 on the organization of forts and ornamental works demand audience of Louis!

Wright's Literary Gazette and Analytical Review is a paper recently published devoted to the arts, sciences, and polite literature.

The arrival in New York 1700 passengers from foreign ports during the week ending Saturday last.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, June 25, 1842.

TERMS.—The proprietors of SATURDAY POST, in order to place it within the reach of every person who desires to read a first class literary paper, have determined to publish it at the low price of $1 50 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Any person sending us $5 shall receive five copies; any person sending us $10 shall receive eleven copies, and any person sending us $20 shall receive twenty-three copies, and any person sending us $50 shall receive sixty copies, and any person sending us $100 shall receive one hundred and twenty copies, and any person sending us $200 shall receive two hundred and forty copies, and any person sending us $500 shall receive six hundred copies, and any person sending us $1000 shall receive twelve hundred copies, and any person sending us $2000 shall receive twenty-four hundred copies, and any person sending us $5000 shall receive sixty hundred copies, and any person sending us $10,000 shall receive twelve thousand copies, and any person sending us $20,000 shall receive twenty-four thousand copies, and any person sending us $50,000 shall receive sixty thousand copies, and any person sending us $100,000 shall receive one hundred and twenty thousand copies, and any person sending us $200,000 shall receive two hundred and forty thousand copies, and any person sending us $500,000 shall receive six hundred thousand copies, and any person sending us $1,000,000 shall receive twelve hundred thousand copies.

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MR. COOPER AND COL. STONE.

We alluded a week or two ago to a case which was, at the time, being argued before arbitrators in the city of New York, and which is doubly interesting to critics and literary men from its bearing on the question, how far a reviewer may be justified in severe strictures upon any work—the *case of Cooper vs. Stone*. The work reviewed was Cooper's Naval History, and the offending criticism was published in the Commercial Advertiser. It was written with ability and severity—impugning Mr. Cooper's historical veracity, and assailing his *motives* in decided and pointed terms. A libel suit was instituted by the aggrieved historian; but the parties finally agreed to leave the whole matter to the decision of Samuel A. Foote, Samuel Stevens and Daniel Lord, Jr., with the understanding that the award, if in favor of Mr. Cooper, should be $250. The question was argued by J. F. Cooper in his own behalf, and by W. W. Campbell and M. S. Bidwell on behalf of Col. Stone.

We learn from the New York Tribune that a decision was rendered on the 17th inst., as follows: *First*, That, according to the evidence and rules of law applicable to the case, Mr. Cooper, the plaintiff, is entitled to a verdict, and they award damages in $250, as agreed on by the parties. *Second*, That the plaintiff, in writing his narrative of the Battle of Lake Erie—the portion of his history specially attacked—did faithfully discharge his duties as a historian. *Third*, That the said narrative is true in all its essential particulars. *Fourth*, That it was written in a spirit of impartiality and justice. *Fifth*, That the defendant, or the writer of the review, whoever he may be, in writing the review of Mr. Cooper's Naval History, did not faithfully fulfil the obligations of a reviewer; and they base this decision upon the following facts: 1. That the review contains reflections on the personal character of the author, and imputations upon his motives; 2. That the reviewer incorrectly charges the author with having given to Commodore Elliott equal credit with Commodore Perry in the conduct of the battle; 3, 4 and 5. That he is guilty of certain specified misquotations; 6. That the review is untrue in several of its essential particulars. They decide, also, *finally*, That the review was not written in a spirit of impartiality and justice.

This is the award of a majority of the arbitrators. An elaborate and able opinion of S. A. Foote, accompanies it, dissenting from the award in the second and third points, and partially in the sixth. In this instance we think Mr. Cooper has had only justice, yet it would have been much more honorable to him to have exposed the errors of the review through some of the leading journals. Mr. Cooper's libel suits of which the public have heard until they are weary, are—however much money he may obtain by them,—the most unfortunate adventures he was ever engaged in.

THE PURITANS AND QUAKERS.

We have received a communication, signed W., in reply to an historical essay, entitled "The Puritans and Quakers," which appeared in our columns of the 4th inst. We cannot see that there is any issue between W. and the writer of that article, nor between the writer of that article and Mr. Tyson. This latter gentleman especially is one whose historical conclusions are always correct, as his information is extensive and profound. In his late discourse he asserts nothing of either the Puritans and Quakers which is not susceptible of proof. He and C., the author of the review, differ somewhat respecting the great English rebellion; but the difference is rather in terms than in fact. So also of the tolerance of the Puritans. C. attributed to them the same acts which Mr. Tyson laid to their charge; but seemed to consider these acts as the result of the age. Both did full justice to the Quakers. In one thing Mr. Tyson and our correspondent differed; for while the latter drew a parallel between the Puritans and Quakers, the former only referred to these sects collaterally. The communication on our table places these things in their true light, and we shall find space for it next week. We cannot dismiss this matter, however, without expressing the high pleasure we enjoyed in the perusal of Mr. Tyson's discourse, and our admiration of him both as a scholar and a man. Few men have been so uniformly philanthropic. From his first public essay in opposition to the penal law, to the present hour, his career has been distinguished by his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his fellowmen. His historical researches have been distinguished by acumen, frankness, and a bold support of the truth. In the delivery of his late discourse, he executed an act of justice to the middle and southern states, for which the citizens of those portions of our country owe him hearty thanks. From the tenor of the review of this discourse, which was contributed to our columns, we supposed that the reviewer held, in the main, the same opinions with Mr. Tyson; and on a recurrence to the several articles, we are confirmed in that belief. The whole theme is an important one. Might it not be discussed, with edification, in one of the reviews?

RELIGION IN FRANCE.

The state of religion and morality in France is well nigh as low as it was before the first revolution. The educated Frenchmen of the present day are notoriously irreligious, and the masses are imbued with a strong contempt for the priesthood,—at least for the priests of the Roman Church. These feelings are said to be still deeper and keener among the men and youth of the middle classes—especially the bourgeois of the cities. Hence, the chief journals, the university and the academies of the Institute—all arrayed in fact on the side of Philosophy militant against Christianity—take loftier airs and pursue a bolder line of conduct; and the Government—disposed, on the other hand, to favor the plans of the clergy for the conversion of the people—temporizes and has not, to use an expressive French phrase, the courage of its opinions and wishes. The Archbishop of Paris, who, according to Mr. Walsh—himself a Roman Catholic—is a man of good sense and a temperate spirit, trespassed beyond no proper bounds when, on a recent occasion, he suggested to the King that the public authorities should suspend, *on the Sabbath*, the labors on the public works, in obedience to the old statutes unrepealed, and that the clergy should at length be admitted to co-operate generally and more freely in the education of youth. Yet his suggestion, to which it should seem, the recent terrible misfortune on the Versailles Railroad might lend some weight, was treated with contempt by the head of the State, and with abuse by the Journals. Immorality and licentiousness prevail to as great an extent among the old *regime*—the men of families which have worn stars five hundred years, as among the burgeois, the new nobility, or the republicans; and the lack of influence on the part of the *good* families is also increased by the fact that most of the clever men of France, of the younger classes, are from undistinguished unknown houses.

MRS. BLENNERHASSET.

The celebrated Mrs. Blennerhasset, whose personal charms in early life, were immortalized by the eloquence of William Wirt in the famous passage in reference to her husband, died last week in New York. The editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser states that while going down the Ohio, several years ago, he stopped at her island residence, then a waste, in company with a party of friends, one of whom, an early resident of Ohio, was familiar with the family at the time of Col. Burr's first introduction. He reached the island, according to this witness, on a fine spring morning, in a small boat, with a servant, whom he despatched with a note to the house, then, in truth, embosomed in a "shrubbery which Calypso and her nymphs might have envied." The note ran thus:

Col. Burr solicits the favor of being permitted to wander among the grounds of Mrs. Blennerhassett.

This of course brought a cordial welcome, and proved the beginning of the end. Not a vestige of the dwelling remains, and nearly every trace of the garden is obliterated.

GERMAN EMIGRATION.

Whole villages, including the rich as well as the poor, are emigrating, says a letter from Mentz, in Galignani's Messenger, from Germany to North America. Three villages in Upper Hesse, have, within these few months, been entirely abandoned, and several in Rhainish Prussia are preparing to follow the example. A short time ago the whole population of these places passed through Mentz, on their way to America. Emigrants of this description will ever find a welcome here. The importation of paupers and criminals alone is dreaded.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

The Boston Courier says that the last stone of the Bunker Hill Monument has been laid, and that the monument is now two hundred feet high. The remainder of the work on this stupendous column will probably be completed during the present summer. The cap stone will be two hundred and twenty feet from the surface of the Hill. We advise every one who visits Boston, by all means, to ascend this great monument. The view from its summit is one of the most splendid we have ever seen. The ascent is effected by a spiral staircase within; the inside is almost perfectly dark, and a lantern is necessary to explore its windings with safety and comfort. A national salute of one hundred guns was to be fired from its summit on Friday, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Notices of New Works.

Book of the Poets—*The Poets of the Nineteenth Century—London, Scott, Webster, & Co.—Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—This is one of the most splendid works ever issued from the English press. In its execution it resembles the magnificent "Book of Gems," published in London, in 1838; but it is larger and more profusely illustrated, as well as much more general in its design. After an elaborate and able essay on the English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, the Editor gives us, with brief biographical and critical notices of each author, selections from William Gifford, Joanna Baillie, Hannah More, Robert Bloomfield, George Crabbe, William Sotheby, Samuel Rogers, William Lisle Bowles, William Wordsworth, James Montgomery, Charles Dibdin, Thomas Haynes Bayley, Sir Walter Scott, S. T. Coleridge, Mary Tighe, James Hogg, Walter Savage Landor, Robert Southey, Charles Lamb, Thomas Campbell, Ebenezer Elliott, Reginald Heber, Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, Henry Kirke White, Lord Byron, Barry Cornwall, Professor Wilson, Henry Hart Milman, Charles Wolfe, Allan Cunningham, P. B. Shelley, John Clare, Mrs. Hemans, John Keats, George Croly, Robert Pollok, Mary Russel Mitford, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, James Sheridan Knowles, Mrs. Norton, and others. These selections appear to be made with discriminating taste. For the double purpose of showing in what manner the biographical notices are prepared, and of giving our readers some information in regard to eminent contemporary poets of whose histories but little is known in this country, we quote sketches of Milman and Proctor. Of Milman, he says:—

"This eminent dramatic poet was born in London, on the 10th of February, 1791, and was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, a physician of high reputation. He was first sent to school at Greenwich, where he had for his early instructor the talented Dr. Burney, under whose excellent tuition he made great proficiency in the elements of literature; after which he was removed to Eton, where he remained nine years. In 1810, he became a student of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where his previous acquirements and continued dilligence gained him the highest literary reputation, and there he obtained the greatest number of prizes that had ever fallen to the lot of any single scholar within these halls. One of them was for English, and another for Latin verse; and the third and fourth for English and Latin essays. After a career of such distinction, the path of life was open to the successful scholar, and, in 1815, he obtained a Fellowship in that college where his literary honors had been won. In 1817, he entered into holy orders, and was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary, in the town of Reading. Here he employed himself in the duties of his sacred calling until he was elected to an office which he was so well qualified to adorn; this was, the Professorship of Poetry in the University of Oxford, to which he was appointed in 1821. The life of the learned and reverend professor, as an author, notwithstanding this brief abstract, has been sufficiently distinguished by active exertion. Before he entered into orders, he wrote the Tragedy of Fazio, a work constructed upon the old English dramatic model; and the attempt was so successful, that the play was performed at Drury Lane to crowded houses, and still continues to be a favorite on the stage. The work itself exhibits a rich vein of poetry, and abounds in striking situations; so that it also pleases in the closet, notwithstanding the awkwardness of the plot, and occasional inconsistency of the characters. His next production, which appeared in 1820, was The Fall of Jerusalem. This magnificent topic had been brooded over by Coleridge for years, as the subject of an epic poem, in which the importance of the event, the thrilling nature of its incidents, and the grandeur of its antecedents and consequences, would have furnished materials only of secondary importance to those of Paradise Lost; but it was the misfortune of Coleridge to dream of great literary enterprises which he wanted industry to achieve. The subject remained unoccupied until it fell into the hands of Milman, who converted it into a sacred drama, in which, attentive to dramatic unities, he has confined the time of action to thirty-six hours; but within that brief space he has collected such an amount of description and incident, as leaves us little to regret for the non-appearance of the promised epic. His other productions were Anne Boleyn, a dramatic poem, in which the character of Henry VIII., and the Jesuit, Angelo Caraffa, are delineated with great power of description—The Martyr of Antioch, where we have the lovely picture of a young female only a little lower than the angels—and Belshazzar, in which he has contrasted, with the strongest light and shade, the last night of pomp and revelry in Babylon, and the tremendous ruin in which it was closed. Besides these productions, Milman wrote an epic poem in twelve books, entitled Samor, Lord of the Bright City; but this work, although exhibiting many passages of great power and richness, is defective in clearness and interest as a narrative, and has never become a favorite with the public. Although the drama has been his chosen department, Milman is defective in that quality which is the most essential element in dramatic writing—the sweeping vehemence and passion which are so necessary to convert poetical abstractions into living realities. But if he is somewhat cold and artificial as a mere dramatist, he atones for this defect by his high qualities as a poet—grandeur of imagery, depth of thought, and rich melody of language, by which the lyrical passages of his plays are among the noblest specimens of our modern poetry. We may add, that he is a bright refutation of Dr. Johnson's idea, that Religion is unfitted for poetical purposes. A single page of any of Milman's sacred dramas is a conclusive argument upon this head. It is enough, for instance, to allude to this hymn of Miriam, in The Fall of Jerusalem."

Of Proctor, better known as *Barry Cornwall*, he says:—

"The proper name of this writer is Bryan Waller Proctor; but this he converted into the anagram of Barry Cornwall, by which he is best known as a poet. He was born in London, and was educated at Harrow, where, among other school-fellows who gained a high name in society, he numbered Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel. Having finished his classical education, he was placed with a solicitor at Calne, in Wiltshire, to be educated for the bar; but after studying the elements of the law at this place for four years, he changed his purpose, and became the pupil of a conveyancer at Lincoln's Inn, in which profession he finally settled. The poetical tastes and studies of Proctor lay among the great dramatic authors of the Elizabethan period, and accordingly his first publication, which appeared in 1815, consisted of a series of dramatic sketches in which he caught in a great measure the tenderness and gentleness, although not the sublimity and strength, of those great master-spirits. Towards the end of the same year, he published his Sicilian Story. In 1820 appeared his Mercian Colonna, and in the following year his tragedy of Mirandola. He now became a favorite poet with the public, not only on account of the intrinsic merits of his writings, but also in consequence of that charm of deep melancholy with which they are imbued—a melancholy too deep and sustained to be fictitious. In him, also, this natural bias seems to determine the selection of his subjects, which are exclusively themes of tenderness and sadness. In private life, as in his poetry, he blends with pensiveness of spirit and gentleness of manners those virtues and amiable qualities, which have secured for him through life the affection and esteem of every class of society."

The Southern Literary Messenger, *for June.*—The last number of this magazine is one of unusual excellence. The first article, on the Greek and Roman poets, is marked by wide and accurate scholarship; and will be acceptable to all interested in those classic productions, which "Time touches only to render more beautiful and attractive." Another important and ably written paper is on "Our Relations with England," by Lieut. Maury. It consists of an examination of the principal reasons why the United States ought not to yield to the British the right claimed to visit and search American vessels suspected of being engaged in the slave trade; gives a historical sketch of the legislation on the subject of slavery both in Great Britain and the United States; and presents the ambitious character of the British Government in a very strong light. "Scenes and Adventures in the Army," "The Warning," "Blindness and the Blind," and several other articles, in prose and verse, make up the number. The Messenger is a very able work, honorable to its editor, and honorable to the South. May Mr. White and his magazine live forever!

Diary of Madame De Arblay—*Part III.*—The third part of this entertaining work has just been published by Carey & Hart. It is hardly less interesting than the inimitable life of Johnson by Boswell, many of the characters of which it introduces to us anew.

The Lady's World of Fashion, *for July*, 1842, has been issued, in splendid style, embellished with one of Sartain's unrivalled mezzotints, entitled "The Pet Fawn," after a picture by Landseer. The plate of fashions contains six figures, *of every variety of costume*, handsomely colored. Altogether this is a crack number. Among the original contributors we find the following names:—Mrs. Mary V. Spencer, Mrs. Anna E. Fulton, Mrs. C. K. Pownell, Mrs. Sarah H. Hays, Miss Ellen Ashton, Miss H. Bowles, H. J. Vernon, C. J. Peterson, L. F. Tasistro, A. McMakin, Wm. Wallace, J. S. Perkins, D. M. Elwood, Harry Danforth, and E. J. Porter. The Prospectus in another column will tell, more at large, the character and terms of the work. We annex the opinions of the press respecting this popular magazine.

"The Lady's World of Fashion is good in all particulars; but 'The Pet Fawn,' by Sartain, after a picture by Landseer, is, without flattery, the most beautiful thing that we have ever seen, even in that charming style of art. It is of itself worth five times the subscription price for half a dozen years."—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

"We perceive no falling off in the present number from the attractions contained in those which have preceded it. The beautiful and highly-finished engraving is of itself worth the price of the whole number, without taking into consideration the fine colored plate of the *Fashions*, containing three full-length and three half-length female figures, and the interesting letter-press matter which accompanies them. Rapidly as this beautiful work is gaining on the estimation of the public, if the patronage bestowed be measured by its deserts, it is yet in the very infancy of its career as a popular favorite."—*S. Carolinian, Columbia.*

"This highly interesting Magazine has come to hand. It is beautifully embellished with a splendid steel engraving, and a plate of six figures of fashions. The fashion plate is the most splendid one we ever saw. Its contributors are among the best literary writers in America."—*Findlay Courier, Ohio.*

"We would again call the attention of our lady readers to this publication. The July commences a new volume, and it will be a good time for those who intend to do so, to subscribe. Mr. Peterson promises his readers something splendid, and, as he has faithfully kept his promises to the public heretofore, we may expect an extra touch. Its embellishments are always good, and the plate of the Fashions, which are published regularly for the benefit of the Ladies, superior to any thing of the kind we have ever seen."—*Old North Star, S. C.*

"*The Lady's World of Fashion* has been received and contains an unusual amount of choice and good reading. Its embellishments are beautiful, accompanied with a plate of the Fashions the most beautiful we think we have ever seen."—*Muncy Luminary.*

"*A new volume commences with the July number*, and from the promises of the publisher, we feel confident that the Lady's World of Fashion will not be surpassed by any other work of the kind now issued in the United States. Any of the ladies of our town or its vicinity who wish to subscribe at the commencement of the new volume, can have it forwarded *immediately*, by leaving the cash with us. Five dollars will procure three copies. Every young lady ought to possess this magazine."—*Dem. Republican, Morgantown, Va.*

Six Nights with the Washingtonians, No. 3—*The Tavern Keeper, by T. S. Arthur.—Godey & McMichael.*—When this series of Temperance Tales was commenced, we spoke in high terms of the ability displayed by the first number, and of the good which it would no doubt effect. The present story merits all that was written of its predecessor. Can we say more?

Our Mess, Nos. 11 and 12—*Carey & Hart.*—We are indebted to those enterprising publishers for two more numbers of Lever's mirthful novel. Th[illegible] companying illustrations are graphic and hum[illegible] Messrs. Carey and Hart, have a contract with Dr. [illegible] by which they are enabled to publish his no[illegible] advance of its appearance elsewhere in this count[illegible]

Gaspar, the Pirate of the Indian Seas. [illegible] *of the Ocean.*—This is one of the best sea stori[illegible] lished in a long time. The Dublin edition is in [illegible] volumes. Mr. Burgess, No. 3 Ledger Buildings, [illegible] it in a very large and well printed pamphlet for t[illegible] five cents. The American edition has an introd[illegible] by H. Hastings Weld, Esq.

Father Connell—*A Romance of Ireland* [illegible] *the author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family,"* [illegible] We are glad to see Banim again in the field. "[illegible] Connell" is one of his best novels. It is publishe[illegible] the three volume London edition, in the same [illegible] "Gaspar, the Pirate," and is for sale by Mr. B[illegible] No. 3 Ledger Buildings.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

[illegible]

Religious Intelligence.

The Presbyterian Convention at Cincinnatti was well attended. The subject of Home Missions elicited several eloquent addresses, as well as that of Foreign Missions. The Cincinnati Gazette remarks that the "amicable settlement of the controversy between the old and the new school has had, and is likely still to have, a very favorable effect upon both, as well as upon the community at large. It is regarded *out* of the church as a happy circumstance, while *in*, it has not only removed a great cause of bitterness and controversy, but given a new impulse to all the great moral movements of the day.

☞ The Christian Observer, a Presbyterian paper published in this city, says, in reference to the late proceedings against the Rev. Mr. McQueen on the question of marrying sisters, "that there is nothing in our standards which make it obligatory on a judiciary to excommunicate a member for the question. The late decision is based on a new interpretation of the rule. It has no precedent in the proceedings of former Assemblies.

☞ The Nantucket Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Waugh presiding, closed a harmonious session on Thursday week. The previous Sabbath, five members of the Conference were ordained Elders, and three were ordained Deacons. There has been an addition of 2,700 members to the church the past year, within the bounds of this conference."

☞ The commencement of Rutger's College, New Brunswick, will be held on the 4th Wednesday in July, instead of the 3d Wednesday, as heretofore. Robert J. Breckenbridge, D. D., of Baltimore, will deliver the annual address before the Peithessophian and Philorean Society on the day preceding Commencement, at the request of the first named Society.

☞ Mr. Benjamin Boughton, of Fredericksburg, Va., who died a few days since, bequeathed the handsome sum of $2,000 to the Bible and Tract Societies, each and other legacies for the benefit of Sunday Schools.

☞ A German Catholic church is to be erected at the corner of Fifth and Franklin streets, Kensington. The site upon which the building is to be erected has been contracted for by the clergy at Baltimore.

☞ Dr. James Blythe, the aged and venerable President of South Hanover College, (Ia.) died at his residence at that place on the 20th ult.

Political Intelligence.

☞ The commissioners from Maine, Governor Kent, the commissioners from Massachusetts, and the committee from New Brunswick, Mr. Simonds, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mr. McLaughlan, warden of the disputed territory, and Mr. Reed, Secretary of the Government of New Brunswick, and also Mr. Wells, from Canada, are all in Washington, for the purpose of acting in concert with the Secretary of State and Lord Ashburton, in an attempt to adjust amicably the question of the Northeastern boundary of the United States. The usual preliminaries have been gone through with, it is stated, and the commissioners are now awaiting a proposition from the British Minister.

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A NEW VOLUME.

JULY, 1842.

THE LADY'S

WORLD OF FASHION.

A MAGAZINE

Of Choice American Literature.

A new volume of this Magazine will begin with July, 1842; when a series of important improvements will commence. The work is devoted *especially to the ladies*, and issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It contains articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day, on every variety of subject. Most of the stories are of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties are correctly given;—so as to make the work welcome at every fire-side—in the halls of the fashionable and the gay, in the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, or in the store and sewing room of the manta maker and milliner.

Plan of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine is to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. *This we are enabled to do several months in advance of any cotemporary.* The advantage of this to every lady, who makes taste in dress the least matter of life, will at once be apparent, and to the professional dress-maker and milliner of the United States, the enterprise will be of incalculable advantage. We issue every month a number and variety of costume, which puts to the blush every thing in the way of monthly reports of the Fashions heretofore attempted.

For this purpose the publisher embarked the most ample means and resources in the enterprise, and matured his plans both in this country and in Europe prior to commencement. It has been a favorite project, and has been deliberately undertaken, and will be carried through vigorously.

Mezzotint and Steel Engravings.

In order to render the work ornamental in the highest degree, and to make it a perfect *parlor companion*, and an *ornament to the centre-table*, as well as entertaining in its literature, and useful in the style of the fashion plates, it is proposed to issue the most elegant Steel and Mezzotint engravings from the first artists in the country, illustrated by choice and entertaining stories of domestic life. To leave nothing undone, at times, will be given, the most popular and elegant Music of the day, Songs, Gallopades, Marches, etc.

Original Contributors.

The series of popular tales which have appeared in this Magazine during the last volume, bears testimony to the talent and number of our contributors, who embrace some of the best male and female writers of the country. Our corps of contributors is monthly being increased, and the new volume will be opened with a great accession of literary strength. All the articles which appear in this work have particular reference to the female sex.

The Typography.

The work is printed on clear and beautiful type, on a page larger than any of the present three dollar Magazines, with fine margin, and strong, white paper, and will contain as much matter as can be compressed into thirty-two large octavo pages.

Time of Delivery.

The Magazine will be issued on or before the 15th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships which sail from Europe on the first of the month, usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the [illegible]

[illegible]

Gems from the Poets.

ADELINE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Mystery of Mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth, nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest;
But beyond expression fair,
With thy floating flaxen hair,
Thy rose-lips and thy full blue eyes,
Take the heart from out my breast;
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?
Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks through in his sad decline,
And a rosebush leans upon.
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

What hope, or fear, or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in the stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To its heart the silver dews?
Or when the little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou looked upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

Some honey converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close,
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? Whom waitest thou
With thy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dew lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?
Lov'st thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low tongued orient
Wander from the side o' the morn
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs love lorn,
Breathing light against thy face,
While his locks a-dripping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring,
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still
In the language wherewith spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

Laver's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DEVIL'S GRIP.

"The way of it was this. There was a little estate of mine in the county of Waterford that I used now and then to visit in the shooting-season. In fact, except for that, there was very little inducement to go there: it was a bleak, ugly part of the country, a bad market-town near it, and not a neighbor within twelve miles. Well, I went over there—it was, as well as I remember, December two years—never was there such weather: it rained from morning till night, and blew and rained from night till morning; the slates were flying about on every side, and we used to keep fellows up all night, that in case the chimneys were blown away, we'd know where to find them in the morning. This was the pleasant [illegible]

[illegible]

Literary Varieties.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S CHANT.

BY LUDOVIC-HEINRICH-CHRISTOPH HOELTY.

Dig, dig, my spade!
Whate'er these hands have made,
Good spade, I owe to thee!
Rich folk and poor
Throng in at my dark door,
Come late or soon to me.

Yon yellow skull
Showed once a beautiful
But haughty brow and lip;
Yon thing of bones
Left kings and courts and thrones
For reptile fellowship!

This head with hair
Was that of one too fair
To linger long on earth;
Love, Beauty, Grace,
Beamed from her angel face,
And smiles and sunny mirth.

Ah, gone, and gone!
We wither one by one,
As Autumn-leaves decay,
Old, Young, and all;
Yet, whensoe'er we fall,
Life seemeth but a day!

Dig, then, my spade!
Whate'er these hands have made,
Good spade, I owe to thee;
Rich folk and poor
Must knock at my dark door,
Must one day come to me.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Many have exhibited foibles and vices in proportion to the magnitude of the talent by which they were raised above other men, lest perhaps they might carry themselves too much above common humanity. Pope was an epicure, and would be in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for days, unless he was told there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly, and came to the table. Even Sir Isaac Newton gave credit to the idle nonsense of judicial astrology; he who first calculated the distance of the stars, and revealed the laws of motion by which the supreme Being organizes and keeps in their orbits unnumbered worlds; he who revealed the mysteries of the stars themselves. Dryden, Sir Isaac Newton's contemporary, believed in the same absurdity. The Duke of Marlborough, when visited by Prince Eugene on the night before a battle, when no doubt two generals were in consultation upon a measure that might decide the fate of an empire, was heard to call his servants to account for lighting four candles in his tent upon the occasion, and was actually once seen on horseback darning his own gloves. Hobbes, who wrote the "Leviathan," a deist in creed, had a most extraordinary belief in spirits and apparitions. Locke, the philosopher, the matter-of-fact Locke who wrote, and in fact established the decision of things by the rule of right reason, laying down the rule itself, delighted in romance, and revelled in works of fiction. What was the great Lord Verulam? Alas! too truly, "the wisest, greatest, meanest, of mankind." Cardinal Richelieu, the minister of a great empire believed in the calculation of nativities. Sir Thomas Moore burned the heretic to whom, in his writings, he gave full liberty of conscience. Alexander the Great was a drunkard and slew his friends over his cups. Cæsar sullied the glory of his talents by the desire of governing his country despotically, and died the victim of his ambition, though one of the wisest, most accomplished, and humane of conquerors; but we are travelling too far back for examples which should be taken from later times. Tasso believed in his good angels, and was often observed to converse with what he fancied was a spirit or demon, which he declared he saw. Raphael, the most gifted artist the world ever produced, died at the age of 37, his constitution weakened by irregular living. Dr. Samuel Johnson was notoriously superstitious. Sir Christopher Wren who built St. Paul's Cathedral, was a believer in dreams. He had a pleurisy once, being in Paris, and believed he was in a place where palm trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic dress gave him some dates. The next day he sent for some dates, in full belief of their revealed virtue, and they cured him. Dr. Halley had the same superstitious belief. Melancthon believed in dreams or apparitions, and used to say that one came to him in his study, and told him to bid Guynæus, his friend, to go away for some time, as the Inquisition sought his life. His friend went away in consequence, and thus, by accident, really saved his life. Addison was fond of the bottle, and is said to have shortened his days by it. Burns, the poet was a hard drinker, and there can be no doubt wore out his constitution by his conviviality. Goldsmith was a gambler, and the victim of the fraudulent. Prior was the dupe of a common woman, whom he believed to be an angel. Garrick was as vain as any woman, and equally loved flattery. Kneller's vanity was such that nothing was too gross for him to swallow. Porson the first of Greek scholars, was a notorious tippler.

We might multiply examples of this kind without end, but we need not have quoted so many, to exhibit how wisely and well the balance is poised to keep human pride within due limits. The same lesson has been taught in all ages; we must, therefore, take our fellow men while living with the full recollection of their foibles and failings. When they are taken away from us, and our flattery can no longer injure them, our admiration may have its full measure, and we are justified in suffering their glory, which may serve the living for an example of emulation, to blaze in full refulgence; that being their more noble earthly quality destined for the benefit of future ages in the way of instruction, imitation, or to afford harmless amusement.

THE SLEEPERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The infant slept, resting on the cheek of the old man. The two distant points of life were thus brought together. The fair golden hair of the grandson, mingled with the silvery locks of the grandsire. The two extreme links of mortality were united.

The bud is beautiful—but the leafless withered stalk is venerable, for it has borne blossoms, and given forth its sweet fruits, and sheltered beneath its leaves the melodious choir of singing birds.

There is a sweet smile upon the lips of the octagenarian! How noble and pure must that long life have been, which still pours forth on the countenance its kind and gentler reflection. How God-like must have been his career, when through all the griefs and sorrows of a mortal life, that holy, innocent laugh of infancy rests upon their lips, and the last limit of life is trod upon fearlessly, calmly and hopefully!

What can that gentle, sweet smile signify? Does it show that he thinks of her who has long since descended to the grave—that the days of his youth have returned to him, and that he greets her with the first kiss of love! Or is it, that the day has come back to his thoughts when his wife presented him with their first-born and called it by *his name*? Or is that he thinks of the time, when his son first returned from the battle-field, crowned with the laurel of victory?

But now approaches that son with his spouse. He wishes to know if his father would remain longer in the garden, with the tiny grandchild. Both are discovered sleeping beneath a lofty palm tree. The hot day had burned down—that evening had changed to the cool twilight—the pure air stirred leaf, and tendril and branch, into a sweet evening song. All things seemed to sleep, and the grey-haired man and his grandchild slumbered sweetly.

"Shall I wake them?" said the son gently to his spouse.

"Oh! no—their sleep is heaven like," she replied, "but may I take the boy out of his arms—he seems to press too heavily on the cheek of his grandfather."

"Oh!—they rest together so deliciously," answered the son. "In the arms of the grandfather the boy is secure—safe as if he leant on the bosom of Alla, and to whom could we more securely trust him!"

The spouse laughed with a mother's joy, and both departed. Then came two vampires—the one swept over the child with the sweet blood, and the other approached to the heart of the old man. They inserted their soft tongues, and as they did so, they flapped with their outspread wings—like a diligent servant who fans his sleeping master, and brings a cool air, where all else is heated. The blood sprung forth—the breath became weaker—the slumber deeper and deeper, until it ended in the long, long sleep of death. Then flew away the vampires satiated with the heart's blood of both.

When, then, the son and his spouse returned, they found locked in each other's arms, the corpses of grandsire and grandson; and little thought they, as they wept, that the young and the old were then resting on the bosom of Alla, where alone are safety, security and repose to be found.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;
Brave, not romantic,
Learn'd, not pedantic,
Frolic, not frantic,
This must he be.
Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;
Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

FROM AN OLD MS.

[illegible]

From New Works.

THE OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER.

[illegible]
How softly did they glide,
While all untouched by worldly care,
We wandered side by side.
In those pleasant days, when the sun's last rays
Just lingered on the hill,
Or the moon's pale light with the coming night
Shone o'er our pathway still.

The old days we remember,—
Oh! there's nothing like them now,
The glow has faded from our hearts,
The blossom from the bough;
In the chill of care, midst worldly air,
Perchance we are colder grown,
For stormy weather, since we roamed together,
The hearts of both have known.

The old days we remember,—
Oh! clearer shone the sun,
And every star looked brighter far,
Than they ever since have done!
On the very streams there lingered gleams
Of light ne'er seen before,
And the running brook, a music took,
Our souls can hear no more!

The old days we remember,—
Oh! could we but go back
To their quiet hours, and tread once more
Their bright familiar track,
Could we picture again, what we pictured then,
Of the sunny world that lay
From the green hillside, and the waters wide,
And our glad hearts far away.

The old days we remember,
When we never dreamed of guile,
Nor knew that the heart could be cold below,
While the lip still wore its smile!
Ah! we may not forget, for those hours come yet,
They visit us in sleep,
While far and wide; o'er life's changing tide
Our barks asunder keep.

Still, still we must remember
Life's first and brightest days,
And a passing tribute render
As we tread the busy maze;
A bitter sigh for the hours gone by,
The dreams that might not last,
The friends deemed true when our hopes were new,
And the glorious visions past!

POETICAL REMAINS OF LUCY HOOPER.

THE DUTCH HISTORY.

Holland is the land of the chivalry of the middle classes. Here they may say in honest pride, to the hereditary lords and nobles of the earth in the countries of Europe. See what we grocers, fish-curers, and ships owners have done in days of yore, in this country! But alas! this glory is faded. In the deserted streets of Delft and Leyden and Harlem, the grass is growing in the seams of the brick pavements; the ragged petticoat flutters in the wind out of the drawing rooms casements of a palace; the echo of wooden shoes clattering through the empty saloons, tells of the past magnificence,—of actual indigence. This has been a land of warlike deed, of high and independent feeling; the home of patriots, of heroes, of scholars, of philosophers, of men of science, of artists, of the persecuted for religious and political opinions from every country, and of the generous spirits who patronized and protected them. Why is the Holland of our times no longer that Holland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Why are her streets silent, her canals green with undisturbed slime. The greatness of Holland was founded on commercial prosperity and [illegible]

ANDREW FULLER.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]

If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with something sideways, at arm's length, with her head turned another way, speaking to him with a look and accent different from that she uses to others, it is to her husband.

TRUE CHARITY.—A spirit of pure and intense *humanity*, a spirit of love and kindness to which nothing is too large, for which nothing is too small, will be to those who feel it, its own "exceeding great reward."

GRAHAM'S
LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
MAGAZINE.

A New Volume.—July, 1842.

This work is designed, as its title indicates, for both ladies and gentlemen. It has a corps of writers unequalled in genius and reputation by those of any periodical in the old or new world. It is printed with new and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and quality, and

Its Splendid Embellishments

are unsurpassed by any which have ever graced the periodical publications in our language. Indeed, in every thing connected with Art, Taste and Beauty, it is universally acknowledged to have *led the way*, and surpassed every magazine of the day. It is intended that in this respect the present volume shall excel all its predecessors; and extensive arrangements have, with that view, been entered into with the most eminent artists, for a profusion of costly illustrations of every description. In the department of

Mezzotint Engravings,

the proprietor has the satisfaction to be able to state that he has made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, whose exquisite productions have already added so much to its beauty, by which he will SECURE HIS SPLENDID MEZZOTINTS FOR THIS PERIODICAL ALONE—he being pledged to furnish plates to no other publisher without our permission. Next to Mr. SARTAIN, the most accomplished artist in the same department of engraving in America, is Mr. SADD, of New York, with whom, to prevent any possibility of disappointment, contracts have also been made; so that we can confidently promise A MEZZOTINT PLATE IN EVERY NUMBER. These admirable works will therefore constitute a FEATURE in GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, in which no competition from other sources will be possible. The MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS, as every artist is aware, are the most expensive that can be furnished for a work with a very large circulation, both from the fact that the cost of printing them is more than twice as great as that of printing ordinary line engravings, and from the necessity of reduplicating the plates,—our edition compelling us to have five or six of every one used in any number. Of our last volume we issued a larger impression than was published by any of our cotemporaries; and of the present we print an edition UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF PERIODICALS—

More than 50,000 Copies per Month!

We have likewise entered into a permanent agreement with the celebrated engravers, RAWDON, WRIGHT & HATCH, and A. L. DICK, GIMBREDE, JACKMAN, JONES and others of New York; and WELSH, WALTERS, TUCKER and others, of Philadelphia, for a series of

Splendid Steel Engravings,

to be finished in a style unequalled by any that have yet appeared in America. The wide spread fame of these artists is a sufficient guarantee for the character of the works we shall receive from them. With such an organization, we may safely defy rivalship in the way of embellishments, show the world A PATTERN FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW, in the way of liberal and judicious expenditure, and fix a new era in the history of magazine publishing in this country.

Elegant Embossed Work.

An agreement has also been made with that accomplished artist, F. QUARRE, Esq. for a full supply of tasteful EMBRIODERY, LACE WORK, BIRDS, FLOWERS, AND LANDSCAPES, COLORED IN THE MOST FINISHED AND ELEGANT STYLE. These will form an expensive but attractive feature of the Magazine.

Richly Colored Fashions.

In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall continue to furnish them with beautiful and correct plates of FASHIONS, and shall also give the style for gentlemen, which has hitherto been so decidedly popular with all parties, and has rendered the work the TEXT BOOK OF FASHION throughout the continent. These, however, will in no way interfere with the regular series of splendid and choice engravings, and pieces of popular music which accompany each number, as we shall not suffer the Magazine to be surpassed in the *number* or *beauty* of its illustrations by any other work, but shall maintain the position we have assumed, of excelling all others in richness, beauty, excellence, and variety of embellishments.

Literary Character of the Work.

Of the literary character of GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE it is almost unnecessary to speak. The high reputation it has hitherto maintained, might alone be deemed a sufficient guarantee of its future course. Yet, that our readers may perceive that, while making such extraordinary efforts to place it beyond competition as a magazine of Art and Fashion, we are no less mindful of the propriety and policy of keeping it AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN PERIODICALS in all the departments of letters, we present a list of our engaged contributors, with the confident assertion that no work in Europe or America can boast such an array of genius and talent.

Writers for Graham's Magazine.

William Cullen Bryant, author of "The Ages," and other Poems.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

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